

Beatrice Fairfax Writes of Problems in Life and Love

Readers of this column are invited to seek the advice and counsel of Beatrice Fairfax in matters affecting their relations with other people. Names of writers are never published without permission of the writer.

If every married woman would use as much common sense in regard to her husband and his habits as she does in the purchase of a new hat or a becoming costume, fewer men would be able to "get away" with the things they do. Every mail brings me letters in which married women rant at women who are "leading their husbands astray."

No matter how old and experienced the man—no matter how young and unversed in the ways of the world is the girl—nearly every married woman pictures her "poor Freddy" as a helpless babe in the hands of a super-vampire. To only a few of these married women does it occur that "poor Freddy" exercises a will of his own in all other matters, from how he runs his business to what he wears to the way of neckties—and, therefore, is only doing what he pleases when he associates with women other than his wife. But many other wives are as blind as newly born kittens. The girl of the woman in the case is "chasing" her husband, he doesn't really want to go with her, but he is "tempted" beyond his strength.

Name So Blind.
And so, with such glibber gerse as these for wives, the husbands chuckle at the ease with which they pull the wool over eyes that won't see the true state of affairs. Many of these wives are so easily fooled that their husbands believe it's a shame NOT to fool them.

Did these wives who always blame their own sex but realize it, they are simply adding abetting their husbands in their affairs and distractions away from their own troubles. From a child up, the male of the species loves to be told that he "can't help it"—no matter what "it" is. It relieves him of so much responsibility! It leaves them so delightfully free to wander where fancy calls! It is just the attitude, when grown up, men want their wives to take. And as long as the wife blames the other woman, as long as she is a "soft" and "forgiving" fool, as one eye valued the label, as long as she lets him "get away with it," husbands will continue to stray and—stray further and further away.

Sensible Wives Refuse to Be Humiliated.

Why, in the name of heaven, a wife who proudly boasts that her husband is shrewd and keen in all other matters, and simply unable to take care of himself, can believe that he is doing other than he wants to when he spends his time with some one else, has always been good my comprehension. Far from being "chased" by women, as their wives fondly delude themselves into believing, they seem to shine as spriters, when they are headed away from their own homes and on the alluring trail of some other woman.

That they continue to sprint and allowed to continue, the fault of the wives themselves. When women who are wives have strength of character enough to demand that their husbands do differently, then, and only then, will they change their ways. When each wife who finds herself spending all her evenings alone has the moral courage to demand that her husband live up to the moral code or sacrifice his

When a Girl Marries

A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By ANN LISLE.

What newspaper serials are unique in popular appeal and cleverness of construction.

CHAPTER CLXXXVIII.
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HARDLY had I persuaded Valerie Cosby to keep the blue robe she thought so gorgeous when a second intruder burst into my apartment. This was a trim French maid, who came in declaring that she couldn't help it—they had phoned Monsieur from the office and he was going back to town, that he'd be right up and that the maids were her witness she was not to blame. All this in French—public excited.

"You understand French, of course?" asked Valerie, turning to me with a slow smile that crinkled up her eyes at the corners and narrowed them to living, black-lashed slits. Then to the maid:

"It is very good, Helene, that Monsieur returns. Otherwise I might have been very lonely this evening. But surely you did not come down and leave Rammi!"

The last sentence was said so coldly, so accusingly, that the maid turned and dashed out, excusing herself all over again very volubly as before.

"You have a little—" I began.
"A little dog—very little—an Egyptian toy," interrupted Mrs. Cosby quickly. "Mr. Cosby calls him Rammi, and I made his name out of that—Rammi. It just suits. Rammi weighs only a pound, and he's so silky and white—like a tiny French poodle—a fairy one."

She was all eagerness, as she had been over the robe, but now she looked into her toes of thick, creamy "poodle."

O'Callahan and hurry away in turn. For I also must be "fine" when my husband came home.

But all the way to the hotel and all the while I was dressing I was thinking uneasily of Valerie Cosby and the blue robe. I kept telling myself that I was glad to be rid of the robe at last, that I was glad I had pleased this beautiful, over-dressed, over-sophisticated child, that I was sure I had done Jim a very good turn. But somehow that didn't settle my mind.

Now the blue robe was gone I began to regret it. Suddenly it seemed very desirable. To give away a possession so gorgeous when I hadn't any other pretty things began to look silly. I wondered how I would explain to Tom Mason. After all, I had been very high-handed with property. I never acknowledged was mine.

In the midst of my nervous cogitations came Jim. I turned to him suddenly with a mischievous desire to know what he would say and do. And I began by blurt-out:

"Jim, I'm rid of that blue robe of Tom Mason's at last."
"Rid of it?" said Jim in a puzzled tone that might have angered me if I'd stopped to let it. "Why did you take it out of Tom's apartment if you didn't want it? All you had to do was leave it there."

"I didn't bring it," I thought, of course, you'd pack it, Jim."
"Nope, I didn't. Probably old lady O'Callahan's guilty party. What did you do to get rid of it—give it to her?"

Cape and Scarf in the Smart New Models

Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



An attractive model is the squirrel cape coat below, showing the new hip length which will be very fashionable this season. It has loose sleeves, just reaching the wrists, making it easy to slip on over a dress or suit, and a broad collar which may be worn open or closed.

With the really cold weather we shall find broad scarfs once again in vogue. Here above is a beautiful piece of moleskin which may be twisted about the neck and figure as fancy dictates. One of the prettiest ways is to tuck one end over the left shoulder, the other falling in front.

asked, delighted at his interest.
"Well, first, we'll summon a waiter—and then we'll have a quiet little dinner at home like old times, and talk it over. Does that suit you, Princess Anne?"

My face tingled at the old title and when I put my hands up to my forehead I could feel a little pulse thud-thudding very fast. After all, Jim is still my man, and no matter how he hurts me he can make me happy too.

A Rule of Etiquette.
Little Frankie, while being reprimanded by his teacher for some misdeed, sat down, leaving her standing. She reminded him that no gentleman should seat himself while the lady with whom he is conversing remains standing. "But this is a lecture," replied Frankie, "and I am the audience."

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"So you're going to make a call on Mrs. Mousey," said Puss, as he and Mr. Rowley Frog and the rat reached the dusty highway.

"Yes, sir-ree," replied Mr. Rowley Frog. "She lives just over there." And when Puss looked across the meadow he saw a cute little house not very far away.

"Looks like a pretty nice little place," said the rat: "let's hurry along." So all three started off on a run.
When they came to the door of Mousey's house, Puss said:
"Heigh-ho, says Rowley. They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call."
"Pray, Mr. Mousey, are you within?"
Oh, yes, kind sir, I'm sitting to spin.

"I guess she's too busy," said Puss. "We'd better not interrupt her."

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Rowley Frog, bowing low to Mrs. Mousey, "who was looking out of her little window. Then Mr. Rat took off his cap and said:

"Pray, Mrs. Mousey, will you give us some Swiss cheese, please?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley. "For Prissy and I are fond of good cheese."
"Indeed, I will not," said Mrs. Mousey. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And as for Mr. Anthony Rowley, he must throw away that horrid cigar if he wants to make a call on me." Well, goodness gracious! Didn't Mr. Rowley look ashamed? He threw his cigar away at once, and Mr. Rat hid behind Puss, he was so embarrassed, and as soon as Mrs. Mousey saw what they had done, she smiled and said:

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley. But let it be something that's not very long."
"Indeed, Mrs. Mousey," replied the Frog. "I've caught quite a cold, for it's damp in the bog."
"Since you have caught cold," Mr. Frog said.

Heigh-ho, says Rowley. "I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
But first she opened the door and invited them in. "I'm not afraid of you," she said to Puss, "for I know you are Mr. Puss in Boots Junior."

Well, just as soon as they were all seated, she began to sing:
"Mrs. Mousey has a house, very small and trim, Nice Swiss cheese good for sneezes, Filled up to the brim. Also candy, fine and dandy, Ice-cream soda, too. If you're nice to little mice, I'll give some to you."
"I'll sing that my two small friends behave," said Puss with a grin. So pretty soon Mrs. Mousey brought out all these good things to eat, and in the next story I'll tell you what happened after that. Copyright, 1919, David Cory.

To Be Continued.

Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

Readers of The Times are urged to exchange news and views of household economy in this column. If you have a good recipe, an original method of saving money, or a short cut in housework, send it to the writer of this column, in care of The Times.

Sugarless days seem to be upon us again and no one but a housewife and the mother of the family knows what a trial it is to be short of the various kinds of sugar for cooking and table use. You might as well ask a business man to get along without stationery for a week.

During the war the temper of the people deprived of sugar was nothing short of angelic. We all drank bitter coffee and consoled ourselves that we were "helping." We went without sweets and our favorite cakes. We gave up puddings and sauces, but always there was the inspiring thought that our soldiers were thereby having enough and that we were giving our share to the unfortunate people of other countries.

Today, however, the state of the public mind is quite a bit different. No one can see any very good reason for a sugar shortage at this time and grumbling and complaint is heard on every hand. The belief that bad management somewhere along the line makes sugarless meals genuine hardships, when a year ago they were sublime sacrifices.

Thank Providence for Honey.

But, if we can't buy sugar, we can't, and, until we can, we must do the next best thing—which is to hunt up substitutes. I shall be eternally grateful to any of the women who will send in "sugar substitute" ideas and recipes in which other commodities than sugar can be used.
Honey is, of course, a real God-send when the cook finds her sugar tin empty. Cakes made with honey keep soft for months as does honey icing. Honey is slightly acid and better results are obtained by using baking soda rather than baking powder in recipes which contain it. It may be substituted for sugar in any favorite recipe, replacing cup for cup. As a cup of honey contains, besides the equivalent of a cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of water, use that much less liquid than is called for in the original recipe. Honey retains enough of the perfume of the flowers from which it comes to impart a distinct flavor to the dish it forms a part of and for this reason it is much prized by good cooks.

Honey Icing.
1 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 cup honey, 1 egg white, 1/2 cup water.

Boil together the sugar and the water for a few moments and then add the honey, taking precautions to prevent the mixture from boiling over, as it is likely to do. Cook until drops of syrup keep their form when poured into cold water. Beat the white of the egg until stiff, and when the syrup has cooled slightly pour over the egg, beating the mixture continuously until it will hold its shape. This frosting is suitable for use between layers of cake, but is rather too soft for the top. It remains in good condition and soft enough to be spread for many weeks and, therefore, can be made in large quantities for use as needed. After eight months such icing has been

used for frosting cakes and for filling for Neigut Wafers.
1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1 egg white, 1/2 cup honey.
Boil the sugar, water and honey together until the syrup makes a thread when dropped from a spoon or until drops of it hold their shape when poured into cold water. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, pour the syrup over them, put the froth holding the mixture in a place where it will keep warm but not cook rapidly, beat until it will hold its shape.

Fruit Salad Dressing.
2 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon mustard, 2 tablespoons vinaigrette, 1 tablespoon oil, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup cream.

Beat the cream in a double boiler. Beat the eggs, and add to them all the ingredients but the cream. Beat the mixture constantly. Pour it into the double boiler and cook until it thickens, or mix all the ingredients but the cream in a bowl. Beat the cream in a double boiler until the mixture thickens. As the dressing is needed combine this mixture with whipped cream. This dressing is particularly suitable for fruit salads.

RECREATION—For recreation, this youth plays the piano about one hour each evening, goes to the movies once or twice a week, goes out with a girl Sunday evenings and sometimes mid-week, and spends an occasional hour at a boys' club to which he belongs.

SOCIALITY—By this point is meant sympathy with people, a feeling of commonness and a sense of membership in the great democratic throng. The youth has no der test—not yet nineteen—was too young to be fully developed as to his social consciousness, but he was well on the way for one of his years. By touching elbows with common workmen, and by mingling with the complex college society he was learning to know a full variety of personalities. Grade, 89 per cent.

HEALTH—Clear eyes, ruddy skin, erect posture, muscles tough as whip cords, appetite hot, stomach digestion ditto, and everything else to match. Grade perfect, 100 per cent.

INDUSTRY—Hard worked at chicken raising, paper carrying, gardening, rough carpentering, vesting, general farming, lesson preparation, collecting, bridge building and rock quarrying. There was a very small lack of business experience here, although the youth had \$85 on deposit and about \$900 out drawing interest. But the variety of the manual work done was excellent for character, development. Grade, 95 per cent.

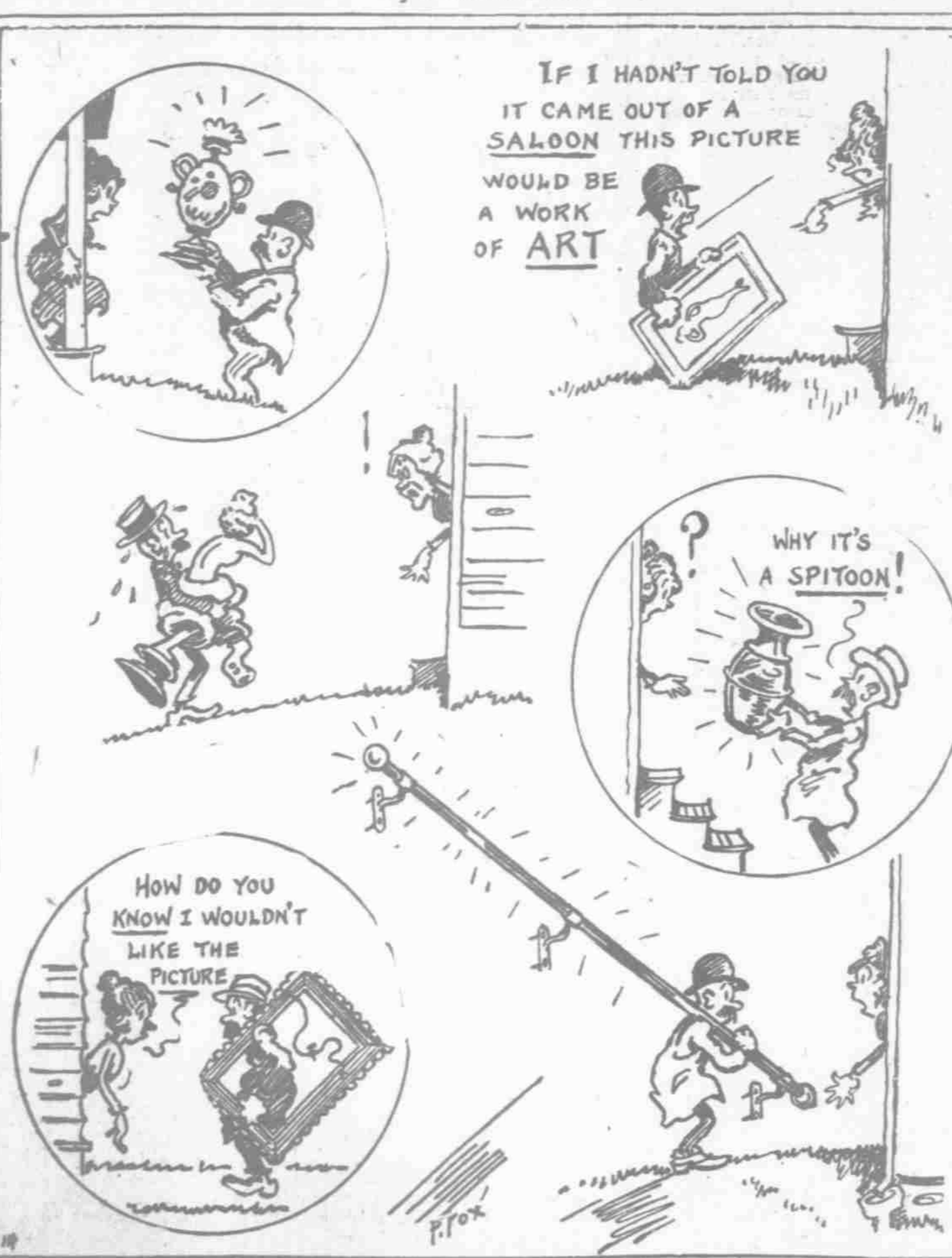
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The Day the Corner Saloon Was Dismantled the Proprietor Gave Presents to a Few of His Very Old Customers.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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BOOKS

FIGHTING WITH THE U. S. ARMY.
By Capt. Charles A. Botsford, Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

By HARRY EASTON GODWIN.
(Age Thirteen Years.)
"Fighting With the United States Army," is a fine story about the war, and all American boys should, and will, be interested in it. The characters are real, true-to-life people. The author is evidently familiar with all kinds of warfare, particularly gas, and he gives fine descriptions of air, land, and naval battles. The book is full of all kinds of surprises, which are so interesting, and some of them so funny and peculiar, that every one will enjoy it.

As You Please.
A traveler came to a creek which some one told him was called the Saskatchewan creek. He asked how they spelled the name. "Some spell it one way and some spell it another," replied the native, "but in my judgment there ain't any correct way of spelling it."